

Puck

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.



TWO SPRING STYLES. — GOOD TASTE VS. VULGAR OSTENTATION.



PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.

\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Kegpler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 1st, 1891. — No. 734.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"I UNDERSTAND," said the Retired Politician, that there is a patron saint in the calendar for every known variety of business. I never heard that there was one for men who follow politics, so to speak—if there is, he's got a fat sinecure—but his day ought to be April First.

"There is n't another business or profession on the face of the earth that comes so near being an organized, systematic April Fool Joke the whole year round. I'm talking of American politics, of course. There is n't one man in the whole lot of us, big and little, who is n't playing the game, just like the street-boys on the corner. May be he fools the other fellow. May be he's fooled himself. It's a good deal a matter of luck, too. Skill counts, of course; but the element of chance is right there, ready to pop up at any moment and spoil the most careful, deliberate, far-sighted calculations.

"Look at what has happened to a few prominent men within recent years. You have seen a brave soldier and a true patriot made the laughing stock of the country for talking about a 'hasty plate of soup.' Those four words undid all his services to the country. You have seen a man worshiped and followed as no other man has been worshiped and followed since Henry Clay, a man strong enough to divide his party and give the name of 'stalwart' to his faction—and you can not tell me now of one measure with which that man's name was identified, of one achievement of public value for which he could have claimed credit, although you and everyone else said when he died: 'Ah, there is a statesman gone!' You have seen a presidential candidate of spotless character deserted by his own party and derided by the other because he said that the tariff was a 'sectional issue,' and you have seen the same party that put that man up and slaughtered him win the most sweeping victory of modern times on that identical point—that the tariff is a sectional issue. Is n't it an April Fool business?"

"Why, of course, it's the public that plays these tricks on us; but the public is what we make it. We teach the people these tricks, and take the chances of having them played on us in return. You don't believe that the politicians make the public? They do, though—that is, those of them who are really leaders. The people will follow a leader every time. I don't mean by leaders the rich "stuffs," as the boys call them, who buy their seats in the Senate. I mean the men who get on by using their brains. They make the public whatever it is—feather-headed and fickle, or faithful and game as a bull-dog. Look at revolutionary minorities the world over. Right or wrong, whether they have a chance of success or no chance at all, they'll follow their leaders just as long as their leaders keep on in one direction. What do you suppose the Irish would have cared for the Parnell scandal if Gladstone had n't made it a pretext for a split?"

"Now, you know *me*," continued the Retired Politician. "I'm no saint. I've been one of the boys all my life, and I'd be one yet if I was n't on the shelf. I've raised as much hullabaloo, in my time, as any man. I've gone in for all this clap-trap and humbuggery, and I've done as much as any one man to fill the people with this nonsensical idea that if a man is n't right exactly in trim with the popular sentiment of the moment, he is only fit to be thrown over and laughed at. I have worked on that idea, I have traded on it: I owe all the success I had to it. But where am I now? Where most men like me are at my age. On the shelf, with about as much money in my pocket as would satisfy an industrious boss carpenter and with a thundering sight less public regard and esteem. I tell you, if I had life to begin over again, and had to take up politics, I'd go in for morality in a way that would make a mugwump's hair stand on end—I'd tell the people the truth every time, whether they liked it or not, and wait till they got around to it.

"And I'd beat the game, in the end. But there's no use talking about it now. I've had my way and had my day, and all that is left for me is to sit around and look at the ups and downs of the live men who are 'in it' to-day. It's amusing, after a fashion. They seem to go on mak-

ing fools of themselves just as my generation did, and they are pretty sure they know it all, too—just as we were. I thought I knew better than Lincoln, once upon a time. Do you remember what he said about that sort of business? It ought to be a politician's Golden Rule. 'You can fool some of the people all of the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.' I believe that's the soundest truth a public man ever uttered.

"But I'd rather teach trigonometry to a teething baby than try to drive plain common-sense into the head of a man in the political game. When once he has got the idea into his brain that he is smart enough to play with the people, he has no use for reason or cold facts. Life is one perennial, everlasting April Fool's Day to him. He goes along the street grinning and chuckling to himself, with a piece of paper in his hand with 'FOOL' written on it. He means it for some other fellow's coat-tail. And all the time, may be, he's got as many bobs as a kite trailing behind him, and chalk-marks all over his back.

"Did you ever see a better April Fool's Day joke than you can see now in Washington? Here's this poor man Harrison, who was shoved into the Presidency just because he was the nearest thing to a wax figure that the Republicans could lay their hands on at the moment, really taking himself seriously; making himself believe that the people elected him because they wanted him, and going seriously to work to get himself reelected—just as if he were n't the most thoroughly unpopular and utterly impracticable man in his whole party. Is that funny enough? Putting aside the fact that it's a bit cruel to let a little man like that set his little heart on having the moon for dessert, can you think of anything funnier? Well, I can. It's funnier yet to think of James G. Blaine working loyally to help him get there. That's a good deal more of a humorous conception. It takes a first-class genius or a first-class idiot to tell a story like that with a straight face.

"It's a great April Fool joke," concluded the Retired Politician, "for Jim Blaine. But it's a greater joke for the fellow who looks on and sees Mr. J. G. B. getting out of his depths in all his reciprocity and diplomacy muddles, and ingeniously and industriously preparing neat little placards that somebody will pin to his coat-tails, some day, before he knows it. It's a very big game, this political April Fools, my boy, and it's a wise man who knows when he's safe out of it." And the Retired Politician went on his way, happily oblivious of a card pendent from the rear of his old-fashioned broadcloth coat on which was legibly written the word "Sorehead."



AT THE CLUB.

PLUNKETT.—He's a vulgah fellah. He is in twade. I shall black-ball him.

SCHLEY.—That is fatal—I did n't know he was in business. By the way, Plunk, how are you killing time nowadays?

PLUNKETT.—Bweeding fox terriers, as usual.



AT A POST-LENTEN LUNCHEON.

SCENE.—*The Vanderwell dining-room, midday, soft light from a gray sky, silver, glass; yellow lilies and violets in centre of table. Around it four girls. Baptismally they should be known as:*

MARY,	} <i>But they have long ago been rechristened by affectionate friends in accordance with more modern ideas. In the intimacy of the lunch-room they must be recognized as:</i>	MAB,
GERTRUDE,		TUDIE,
DORA,		DODO,
ELEANOR.		DOT.

TUDIE.—Goodness! Don't rissoles taste good again! Give me another, Mab, there's a dear!

MAB.—You did n't give up rissoles, Tudie?

TUDIE.—Yes, I did—and croquettes, and lobster Ribercy, and terrapin, and—and caramels!

(*She looks beatific. Murmurs of wonder and approbation, interrupted by*)—

DOT.—Pshaw, Tudie, don't pose! You know you went to Dr. Crenshaw, and got him to give you a list of things that were bad for your complexion, and then gave up those.

TUDIE (*her pink-and-white somewhat the rosier*).—I don't care! My ideas of penance did n't take such peculiar forms as Dot's. You know that little Lenten dance at Orange? Well, Dot was there, and she danced with absolutely every one who asked her—

MAB.—The fastidious Dot? Oh!

TUDIE.—Because, she said, she did n't know of any penance worse than dancing with a bad partner.

DODO.—That's like Daisy Pearsall, who wore her stunning red gown, but would n't put on the slippers and stockings that went with it—wore black, because it was Lent.

MAB.—Yes—or Dolly Hudson. She would n't wear any but her oldest horrible hats, all through.

TUDIE.—Yes—and got a splendid reputation by it for being economical!

DODO.—Don't speak of economy! If Lent did n't come to help me save up, I believe I should have had to buy an American bonnet for Easter! (*Murmurs of horror from the others.*) Old Mrs. Proxy came to me with some list—and I only escaped it by thinking of that.

TUDIE.—Yes; I am ruined in charity. Mrs. Van Twills took Dodo and me with her to her missionary work on the East Side. It's awfully interesting.

DODO.—And we found the most lovely Italian down on Essex Street—in a little bit of a room. He said to us: "Vous parlez Français, beautiful Mesdemoiselles?" And Mab said: "Oui, Monsieur," and then he told us all about himself.

MAB.—He was sick, and could n't work—he was a sculptor, he said.

DODO.—And his eyes were superb.

MAB.—And his hair was so black and curly!

DODO.—And he spoke such delightful Italian and French and broken English all at once. I gave him all I had in my purse—about twelve dollars.

MAB.—And I gave him ten—the biggest bill I had.

BOTH.—And he was so grateful!!

MAB.—And we found a poor widow, girls—her husband was killed in

an accident. And she had three children, and scarcely a thing to wear. We sent her a whole basketful of old dresses and things.

DODO.—And if you have any plain sewing to do, she does it nicely—and very cheap.

TUDIE.—I think it's awfully hard work, charity. The stairs are so dreadful to climb.

DOT.—Lent is awfully hard work, any how. How many times did you go to church, Mab?

MAB.—Every day for the first week! Don't ask me about the rest.

TUDIE.—How can one get up early to go to church, when you've been up till twelve the night before with callers, or poker, or something? And Lent is for rest.

DOT.—Rest! I should think so, with two reading clubs, a sewing society with lectures on Millet and Meissonier, and tableaux! If Lent had lasted much longer, I should have succumbed.

DODO.—And callers—three or four an evening, sometimes.

TUDIE.—Or one, three or four evenings—sometimes (*with a significant glance at Dot*).

DODO.—Yes, Dot, you must be called to account. Are your intentions serious in regard to Jack Merrill? You're making people talk about him.

(*MAB, who is nearest DOT, and has been looking at her, reaches over and captures her left hand, which up to this has been, with apparent carelessness, concealed under the table-cloth. She exclaims: "Girls, she's kept her glove on! And I can feel a new ring through it!"*)

(*Immense excitement. DOT, who is as the fiery poppy, still pluckily tears off her glove, and lays her hand defiantly on the table—displaying a new and brilliant sapphire ring on the third finger. The hand is seized upon by the others, all three at once, amid a fire of demands, exclamations, and congratulations only to be equaled by a Hotchkiss gun fervently served. After a general and copious kissing, DOT, released, sinks back in her chair.*)

MAB

TUDIE } (*ensemble, insistently*).—Now, do tell us all about it!

DODO

DOT.—It all happened in the most ridiculous way, girls—it's too absurd to tell.

ALL.—Go on! go on!

DOT.—Well, I really wanted to do penance a little through Lent, and give up things I liked—and so—twice—when Jack came—(*breathless interest*)—I sent down word that I was n't at all well—I won't tell another word if you laugh, Tudie!

MAB.—Be quiet, Tudie—

DODO.—Or I'll pinch you!

DOT.—The third time, he caught me in the parlor—and said he was glad to see me so much improved. And after the other man had gone, he went on—asking me questions and teasing—and, finally, he made me let it slip out—that I thought I ought n't to see him during Lent. And, then, (*blushes*) of course, he wanted to know why.

(*Colors still more rosily, and stops. Evident inutility of further explanation.*)

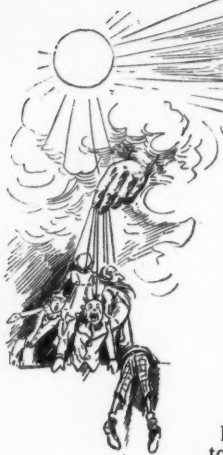
Frederic Hart Wilson.

HYPNOTIC TALES.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

IV.

THE DETECTIVE'S TALE.*



YOU WOULD NEVER have taken him for a detective, this stout, ordinary-looking man, with the high shiny hat, dyed moustache and big watch chain. There was none of the craftiness or mystery about him that we expect to find in a professional Hawkshaw. On the contrary, he was, to all appearances, a person of phlegmatic temperament and matter-of-fact habits of thought. It would

be hard, indeed, to imagine him following clues, or putting on mysterious disguises for the purpose of running criminals to earth. And yet this man was, as he said himself, one of the most famous detectives in New York, and was credited, moreover, with being one of the wealthiest.

"How long have I been a detective?" he said in reply to the question of the School-Boy. "Twenty years this last Spring. How did I come to be a detective? Well, it was nothing but a kind of an accident that got me on 'the force.' You see it was just after election, the year we ran Barney O'Brien in our district for Assembly, and got him in, too, by the skin of his teeth. Of course I worked for Barney, because me and him has always stood in together, and I was to have had a stall in the market if Barney got elected. Well, a few days afterward he comes and says that he's

had to make more promises than there was

stalls in the market, and he was afraid some of his friends was going to get left. 'But you'll be taken care of, Rocksey,' he says to me; 'because I'll get you on "the force," and there's a dollar there for a live man when they ain't more'n a dime in Washington Market.'

"And I had n't been at the Central Office three months before I seen he spoke the truth. Twenty years I've been on 'the force,' and followed up all sorts of cases, big and small; but the case I'm a-going to tell you about now, in some respects beats any I ever tackled. One morning we got news there'd been a big diamond and bond robbery up in the brown-stone district, and as there was ten thousand dollars reward offered I took hold of the case. I'd been giving pretty good satisfaction so far, and as business was kind of easy just then I knew I'd have plenty of time to devote to it, and, may be, make a good thing out of it."

"Pardon me," said the Rich Presbyterian; "but will you kindly tell us what the ordinary duties of a detective are, and what you mean by business being easy?"

"Oh! a detective's got plenty to do. He's got to see it that the saloons pay up regular, and that all the protection money is n't divided between the police captain of the precinct and the Society for the Annoyance of Criminals. When I first came on 'the force' there was a few snoozers, doing business not far from Broadway, that thought there was nobody on earth outside the captain of the precinct, and that it was n't worth their while to pay a dollar to a detective. Well, we just went to work, and closed up a couple of 'em that was dealing brace faro games, and let the rest know that police protection was no protection at all without we said so; and, then, they was glad enough to change their

tune, and come down every week, along with the rest. I claim that the only way to make the detective force really a success is to stand in with the police captains, and then squeeze every precinct in the city for the last dollar there is in it. The trouble has always been with one side or the other trying to get more than their share, and then getting to squabbling about it, and closing up all the joints just out of spite. The two departments ought to work together, harmonious-like, and divide the boodle fair and square. Of course, the societies with the long

names has to get a whack now and then; but, properly speaking, they're not in it."

"Then, that's what you mean by business being easy?" observed the Rich Presbyterian, inquiringly.

"Yes; that's something like it, and business was easy in the precinct I had charge of at the time I'm speaking of. When I first took hold of that precinct it was the worst in the whole city. Dull as dishwater, and hardly a dollar in it from one end to the other. What little money there was there went to the police, and the detective force did n't get a cent. Well, if I say it myself, I worked wonders in that precinct. I gave out that parties as wanted to do business there was safe if they only came to us first; and that we'd use 'em right and give 'em real

genuine protection. What was the consequence? Why, in less than two years there was faro banks and opium-joints and other places running along at full blast. They were selling policy slips in a dozen cigar shops, and there was a bunco joint that was a mine to us, besides concert saloons that give sacred concerts every Sunday night, and saloons that were open after one o'clock and all day Sunday.

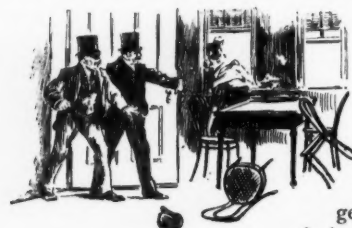
"Well, it's admitted everywhere that no man ever worked harder to improve his precinct and build up a business in it than I did in that; and with the streets full of country jays, brought in by the bunco men and the concert saloons, all the places coining money, and the police and detectives dividing a matter of twelve hundred cold bones every week, you might say that all hands were contented and the goose hung high.

"But to go back to the story. This diamond and bond robbery looked as if it ought to be a big thing, and I was put onto it, because I'd done so satisfactory in building up the precinct. There was two hundred thousand in bonds, five thousand in cash and a whole lot of diamonds taken. The bonds were not negotiable; but the cash was all right, and, as for the sparklers, it was an easy matter disposing of them. The reward was ten thousand, which was enough to make a man hump himself, and it was n't long before I made up my mind who done the job. It was a particular friend of mine, called Crooked Casey, who'd been running a sawdust game that was

worth about two hundred cases a month to us the year round. So I put a couple of men on him, and, to make a long story short, in a few days I just stepped into his place and asked him what it was worth to him to have me drop the case, and give out that the criminal had been tracked to Havana, — 'but here even the vigilant Detective Rocksey could find no trace of him, and he is supposed to have fled to Europe.'

"Casey tried to make a bluff; but it was no go, and then he offered me all the diamonds, and four thousand of the money to let up on him. He said he'd chuck in the bonds, too; but they were no good to either of us. They were unregistered United States bonds; but the party he got 'em from had kept a list of the numbers on all of 'em, so they could n't be shoved anywhere. The diamonds would n't bring more than a couple of thousand at the outside, and that set me a-wondering why there should be a ten thousand dollar reward for stuff that would n't bring that amount. And just there I took a big tumble. I went to the party they was took from — he was an old Jew, rich as mud and just crazy over his loss — and I says to him: 'I've got to have the numbers of them bonds or I can't do anything more.'

Well, he made a lot of excuses; but pretty soon I pinned him down, and got out of him just what I'd suspected. He'd forgotten to take their



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numbers, and he'd given out that they were n't negotiable, as a bluff to the one as took 'em; to keep him from trying to place 'em in any of the banks. Then I goes back to Casey, and gets him to give up the whole lot of swag—diamonds, cash, bonds and all; and it was the detectives that came in on that racket, and the captain of the precinct never got a smell of the dust. Yes; I've done a good many pretty slick bits of detective work in my time; but I think that's the very slickest I ever had a hand in. And what's more, Crooked Casey is doing business the same as before, at the old stand, and giving up his two hundred every month, and setting a good example to every one else in the precinct. I tell you, ladies and gents, this is an Iron Age, and everybody has got to produce."

A silence fell upon the Detective's amazed auditors. The grey bearded Scientist was almost beside himself with delight. Never before had hyp-



notism elicited from any subject so complete a revelation of the inner workings of the heart.

The Boston Girl, who looked upon the Detective as a low fellow, did not quite understand the meaning of the tale, and supposed it was all part and parcel of vulgar New York life.

"Do let us have a story of 'refined society!'" she exclaimed a little disdainfully.

"Well, you're just the lady as can tell that story," said the Detective, with an appreciative glance at her undeniably trim figure.

She could not help feeling the force of the compliment, and her voice assumed a conciliatory tone as she said, with a glance at the Detective: "But at any rate, sir, your story was an extremely interesting one—so you'd better not try to sell it to the *Atlantic*."

The Spiritualist threw two or three pieces of dry pine on the fire, and the flame leaping up illumined the expectant faces of the guests, who awaited the Boston Girl's Tale.



STOLEN SWEETS.

'T is said that "stolen sweets are best" —

'T was Cibber who conceived it —
And hundreds, since the poet wrote,
Have foolishly believed it.

But I shall still declare it false,
Although the line outlives me;
No stolen kiss could be as sweet
As those Priscilla gives me!

J. P. Denison.



ONE OF THE greatest of home comforts is the shirt which is n't made at home.

THE EMPEROR who was sad because he had lost a day would have many a chance to mourn if he lived in this time of Walking Delegates.

YOU CAN'T MAKE a silk purse out of a sow's ear; but you can make a Congressman out of anything that has reached the required age.

"THAT'S A LITTLE HINT I give my landlady once in a while," said Mr. A. Starbolder; and as he spoke he deposited on the floor the advertising sheet of the *Whirled*, from which half-a-dozen of the "Boarders Wanted" advertisements had been cut out.

CONSTANT WETTING of the whistle always insures a toot.

"PAST HELP should be past grief." And present "help" is very largely so.

THIRTY CENTS OFF — The Silver Dollar.

A HARD LOT — Mrs.

A HITCH-AND-KICK — Marriage.

AN APPEAL TO SEIZER — "Doggy! Ni-i-ice Doggy!"

COLD COMFORT — A Sandwich and Beer.

A SOFT SNAP — The Baby's bite.



MRS. CAIRD. — I tell you, John, there's a burglar at the kitchen window!



PRESENCE OF MIND.

MR. CAIRD. — H'm! — Er — let's see. By Jove, I'll communicate with him by — er — the speaking-tube!



"BABY" DID.

MAMA (to three-year old daughter). — Frances, pick up your playthings and put them all away.

FRANCES. — In a minute, Mama. — Oh, let's play you's Baby and I's Mama!

"All right, Frances; now I'm Baby and you are Mama."

"Well, now Baby can pick up her playfings, and put 'em away."

"SPORTING INTELLIGENCE" — The Faculty that Helps You to Pick the Winner.

THE SHIP may be wrecked at sea; but it is the shore that wrecks the sailor.

IF YOU DON'T believe that "honesty is the best policy," go into politics. You will be sure to succeed there.

THE MAN who makes the best of everything should never have occasion to complain of hard luck — provided he can sell his goods.

ACHILLES HAD his Homer, and Godfrey his Tasso; but the poor kings of France have in these times only the furniture-dealer and the dressmaker to keep their names alive.

AN "OPEN" SECRET — The Combination of Your Safe.

TRAINING FOR THE RACE — The Public School System.

A GOOD PAIR TO DRAW TO — The Yoke of Oxen.

A LABOR OF LOVE — Working the Old Man.

THE BUSY HAUNTS OF MEN — Their Consciences.

AN ASH RECEIVER — The Base-ball.

ONE OF THE PAPAL STATES — Mass.

A TRUNK LINE — "Handle with Care."

CUT AND BASTED — The Unfortunate who Encounters a Policeman's Club.

BOUND TO FILL A DRUNKARD'S GRAVE — The Sexton.

NOT SUCH A BAD JOKE, AFTER ALL.



"Here's that absurd and improbable old joke, again, about the man forgetting to mail the letter his wife gives him, and—



— carrying —



— it about —



— in his —

GOOD-BY TO ROMANCE.

Farewell now to the stolen kiss
In which we once delighted;
Railroading knows no more of bliss
If tunnels must be lighted!

A BUSY DAY.

April the First appealed to the Sun;
Begged that more slowly his course
he would run.
For to deal with All Fools in twenty-
four hours
Was a task quite beyond the range
of his powers.

THE COMPLETE LETTER- WRITER.

HILL.—Don't you think it looks
as though Jones would be the Demo-
cratic candidate for Governor.

FLOWER.—Yes; but you can never tell; Watterson may take it
into his head to drop him a line!

A PLAIN EVERY-DAY ONE.

JACK (*April 2nd*).—I proposed to Hattie last night.

TOM.—Were you an April fool? Eh?

JACK (*moodily*).—No. Only an ordinary
fool!!!

MRS. BEHRING.—It seems so Spring-
like—I wonder if I'd better leave
off my sealskin coat.

BEHRING.—Better take Young's advice
—"Be wise to-day, 't is madness to de-fur."

IT WAS PROBABLY the man who married
a rich wife who first started the joke on
the difficulty of finding a woman's pocket.

WHEN WILL Time strike the hour of
midnight that will pass the late war
among the early ones?

A HOUSE OF MOURNING—The One which
has only Ace-high against It.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED
DEFINITIONS.

"A Drop Light."

A HAND-ORGAN IS N'T a windmill simply because it grinds out airs.

THE SUITOR likes a fair field; but he draws the line at "no favor."

HOSE A WORLD TOO WIDE—That which is Turned on the Crowd.

"I'VE JUST been looking over the geneological tree of the Astors—"
"It's a fir, I presume."

A PERENNIAL APRIL FOOL,

Here rest the bones of Farmer Jay,
All knew him as an old brick;
He was quite wealthy in his way,
Until he bought a gold brick.



— pocket —



— for several days! "

HEROIC MEASURES.

MR. G. WASHINGTON COON (*tenderly*).—I know 's I'se unworthy to
kiss de hem of yoah gahment, Miss
Johnsing; but still Hope lif's me up.

MISS JOHNSING.—You 'd better
lif' yo'self up, yo' low-down niggah!
Ef yo' wants me to be yoah wife,
don't kneel there like a dress-maker
befo' a job o' pleating!

FIVE DOLLARS.

"Doctor, I wish you'd prescribe
something for these awful colds of
mine.

"Certainly," said the Doctor, and
wrote the prescription:

R
Care.

WHAT MISTRESS is like Nature loved?

The seasons her attendants are;

And each to serve her is so fain

That they forever are at war.



CHEERFULLY GRANTED.

BREEZY WHISKERS.—Boss, can't you help me—
SUAVE STRANGER.—Certainly; here is a card of the
Daily Trombone. Our rates for "Help Wanted" are twenty
cents a line.

A SAGEBRUSH SIMPLETON.

A VERY NEW coyote spied
Of lofty ears a pair
Amid the sage. "A jack!" he quoth;
"And rabbit's sweet and frugal, both—
One eats not till to waddle loath,
But fits one's stomach to a hare."

But sneaking up to seize his prey
He fell in ridicule.
"Great Scott! What heels he carries, though!
I wot not they were loaded so!
My game is *up*, and there I go!"
"Hee!" quoth the burro; "April Fool!"

Chas. F. Lummis.

NOT A GOOD IDENTIFICATION.

ST. PETER.—So you are a bank cashier, are you?

APPLICANT.—Yes; allow me to present my card, and a letter of introduction.

ST. PETER.—That's all right; but we don't do business that way. Step aside, please!

WILLING TO PAY DAMAGES.

NEW ORLEANS, March 19th, 1891.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please inform your readers that, since the recent tragedy at New Orleans, Blaine of Maine has been continually winking the other eye.

Yours respectfully,

VIGOROUS FOREIGN POLICY.

THE SEASON'S PARADOX.

To every known kind of change
This varying weather schools us;
So that is why it seems so strange
The month of April fools us.



PARTICULAR.

OLD MR. DADKINS.—Ar-a-r! So I have caught you kissing my daughter; have I?

YOUNG MR. COOLEY.—I trust there is no doubt about it, sir. The light is quite dim, and I should feel vastly humiliated if it should turn out that I had been kissing the cook.



AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

AMATEUR ACTOR (to PROMPTER).—Say, Billy, I'd give ten dollars to be out of this. When I go on the stage I'm sure that I'll have a bad case of stage fright. My t-t-teeth are ch-chat-terin' now.

PROMPTER.—Well, there is one point you can rest easy on.

AMATEUR ACTOR.—Wh-what's that?

PROMPTER.—Your knees won't knock together.

A DEFERRED SETTLEMENT.

HIGHWAYMAN.—Your money or your life!

MR. SLOWPAY.—Aw—I'm sorry to say I'm out of funds just now; but can't we compromise matters? Suppose I give you a little thirty-day note!

THE SPOT IN THE VEIL.

I WOULD N'T be a rosebud in my charming Nora's hair,
Because, when I was faded, she would have another there;
Nor would I be a lily, 't is so languorous and frail,
But, really, I would like to be that spot in Nora's veil.

I would n't be her slipper, for I could n't see her face;
I would n't be her glove, because I might get out of place;
I would n't be her tiny cane, for fear my strength might fail;
But I would like to be that spot in darling Nora's veil.

H. H. Heath.



A BAD AIM.

"How did the cough mixture work that I gave you?"

"Badly. I spilled it all over the bed clothes."

"How did you come to do that?"

"I did n't notice that they were hanging out on the line."

HAS HIS ADMIRERS.

TOTTIE.—It's a shame to abuse poor Beattie!

DOTTIE.—Why, Tottie?

TOTTIE.—If it was n't for him, how could we get materials for mud-pies?

"THERE IS ONE ADVANTAGE," soliloquized Mr. Blair, "of making long and tiresome speeches. I don't suppose the Emperor of China ever read a word of the hard things I said about his people!"

IF MAINE LIQUOR-DRINKERS are to be held ineligible for jury duty, we may look for a large increase in intemperance in that sedate Prohibition state.

AN INVOCATION.

Wake in your caverns, struggling worms:
Ho! half dead spiders, wake and spin!
Unfold, ye curled-up insect germs,
Come forth, and get your fine work in.
What are you thinking of? You must
Bestir yourselves. Hi! do you hear?
The Spring has come. Get up and dust!
You can't expect to sleep all year!

Madeline S. Bridges.



THE BIGGEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.

MR. BLAINE'S CANDIDATE FOR 1892.—ACCORDING TO THE NEW YORK *Tribune*.

PUCK.





APRIL FIRST, AT THE STORE.

SEXTUS GILL (*in an easy conversational tone*). — Did the boys use to have any fun on the fust of April when you was young, Uncle Elihu?

UNCLE ELIHU CUSTIN. — Wa-al, thar useter be consid'able fun goin' on, but they could n't work none of it off on me—I wuz too gol-fired smart fer 'em. Thar was n't one of 'em that could git me to pick up a hot penny, nor a wallet with a string tew it, nor none o' them air row-de-dows; an' as fer pinnin' things onter my back, the hull town was n't ekal to it.

CHET BAKER. — I s'pose you was always on the lookout for 'em.

UNCLE ELIHU CUSTIN. — Ya-as; I kep' my eyes wide open—that wuz allers my way—they could n't fool me then, nor they can't fool me now, nuther.

SILE TOMLINSON. — What was that story the folks useter tell 'bout the widder Kinney's son puttin' on a caliker dress an' sun-bunnit of his mother's, an' you askin' him to marry ye, thinkin' 't was the widder?

UNCLE ELIHU CUSTIN. — Never wuz a particle o' truth in that yarn—all made up out o' hull cloth. I wuz workin' over in Unionville that Spring, so 't could n't 'a' be'n me. I 'd 'a' knowed him with my eyes shet. W'y, I wuz allers a-gittin' up tricks myself. One night I got some o' the boys together, an' we come down here to that very blacksmith shop 'cross the street—ole Abner Tallcott wuz the blacksmith, then; we had a ladder an' a monkey-wrench—it wuz 'bout one o'clock in the mornin'—thar wuz a light buggy in front o' the shop that ole Abner wuz a-goin' to fix the nex' day. We took that buggy to

pieces, an' carried her up to the roof, piece by piece, an' put her together ag'in, a-straddle of the ridge-pole, an' thar she wuz when ole Abner came to work the nex' mornin'.

SIBLEY'S BOY. — Was he mad about it?

UNCLE ELIHU CUSTIN. — Wa-al, he tore round some at fust; but he got over it in a day or two, an' after that he useter laugh 'bout it as hard as anybody.

CALVIN SEEDERS. — The young fellers don't git up no jokes like that, nowadays, do they, Uncle Elihu?

UNCLE ELIHU CUSTIN. — They hain't smart enough—they hain't got the idees. The hull passel of 'em could n't fool a yearlin' heifer.

SEXTUS GILL (*giving a hard kick on the barrel with his heel*). — Is that there a crow or a fish-hawk flyin' round over yender, Uncle Elihu? You know all 'bout them things.

UNCLE ELIHU CUSTIN (*regarding intently the object indicated*). — 'Pears to me, near 's I kin make it out, to be a yaller-crested fish-hawk.

(*At the sound of the kick on the barrel, the store-keeper's son tiptoes rapidly out, holding a five-cent piece in a sugar scoop. He softly deposits the coin on the floor, and retires to the door-way.*)

CHET BAKER. — Hello, there 's a nickel somebody's lost, right by Uncle Elihu's chair!

UNCLE ELIHU CUSTIN (*catching sight of it, and making a violent grab for it*). — Han's off! It 's mine—I must 'a' dropped it—ouch!—whew!—the gol-fired thing's red-hot!

CHORUS OF LOUNGERS. — APRIL FOOL, Uncle Elihu!

F. Oppen.

AND THE FERRYBOAT.

WILLIAM NASSAU. — How do you like living in the suburbs?

MORRIS TOWNE. — You had better talk to my wife about that.

WILLIAM NASSAU. — But you live in the country, don't you?

MORRIS TOWNE. — My family does; I live on the cars.

TAKING NO RISKS.

MRS. GADDSBY. — Is it true, as I've been told, that your husband proposed by telephone?

MRS. DE SCHRIET. — Why, no, that 's a silly story; he only asked Papa's consent that way.

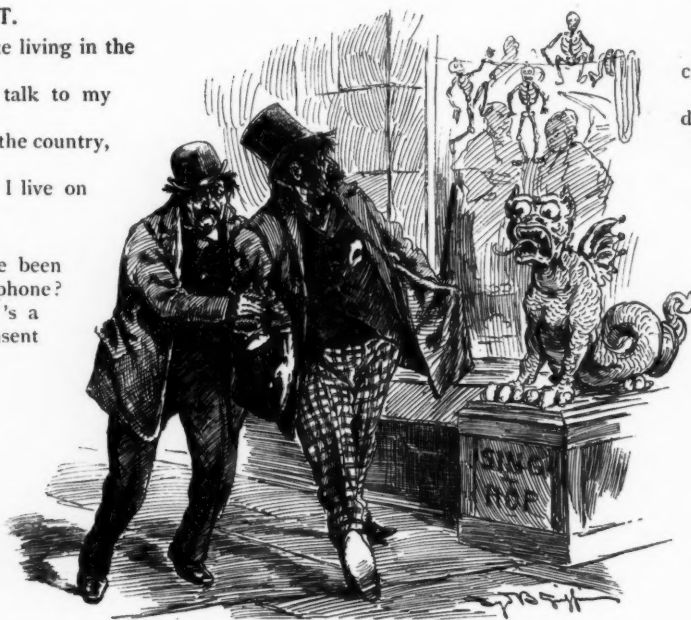
A NATURAL AMBITION.

"Do you want a six-shooter?"

"Well, I 'd rather have a nine-shooter. I want to kill a cat."

THE COLLEGES are not quite gone daft 'over athletics. They are still in possession of their faculties.

WHEN A MAN complains that no one understands him, it is highly probable that there is nothing in him worth studying.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

JIMSON. — Do you see anything, Jack?

JAMSON. — No.

JIMSON. — Neither do I—but I wish you did!

CAWS AND EFFECT.

"By Jove, old man, that is a nice crocheted necktie you have on!"

"No such thing; it's simply an ordinary black silk one."

"Well, that 's crow-shade, is n't it?"

AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW BABY.

MAMA. — Johnny, why don't you come in to see Mama when she's sick? Don't you love me any more?

JOHNNY. — Oh, yes, Mama; but I did n't know but perhaps it might be catching.

THE SICK CANARY. — Cheep! Cheep!

OXENSTEIN. — Send dot beert to my store! How shweet he vas sing!

NO MOUNTAIN is a hero to its valley.

"LIKE A WOMAN!" "Like a man!" But discriminate, who can?

Let's to Truth all homage render. Own, if we would be precise, Every weakness, every vice—

All are of one common gender!



THE COMMUTERS' POLITENESS.
IT LOOKS QUEER FROM THIS SIDE.—

HE TRIED HARD.

MISS MONDE.—I don't understand why Mr. Gadby goes to the opera?
"Indeed?"

MISS MONDE.—No. He stutters so that one can hardly understand a word he says.

THE EVER READY

POLICEMAN.—This man is an impostor, sir. He pretended to be lame, and was getting alms from the public.

JUSTICE.—But, officer, the man is lame. His limp is too real to be assumed.

POLICEMAN.—It is now, your Honor. I hit him a clip that's gave him something to limp for.



EMBARRASSING.

MR. BEDAM.—What's the matter—why don't you engage her?

MRS. BEDAM.—Well—er—Billy, she seems so refined, I'm afraid we won't exactly know how to treat her.

PATIENCE IS mighty glad nowadays to roost on the site of a monument.

At every exposition where the Sohmer Pianos have been brought into competition with others they have invariably taken the first prize.

A BLOW.

"Honor's but an empty bubble, after all."

"But I notice we all lay our pipes and are ready to waste the soap for it."

HIS IDEA.

FISH.—What is your idea of a perfect man?

MCALLISTER.—Er—have you read my autobiography?

A HOUSEHOLD WORD—"Darn."

A GREAT DEAL—Where Each Player gets Four of a Kind.



— BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT FROM THIS.

OUT OF TIME.

Who plays the fool the whole year thro'
Has but a fate accurst;
And wins not fame as those who do
But play it April First.

Emma Carleton.

A TOUGH STATE OF AFFAIRS.

MRS. HAMONEG (at boarding-house table).—You don't seem to like your steak, Mr. Skyparlor.

MR. SKYPARLOR (ceasing his struggles).—Well, the fact is, it does n't seem to like me; at least, I can't produce any impression on it.

MOST LIKELY.

"It was just like Paris to give the apple to Venus."

"Was n't it? I suppose Boston would have given it to Minerva."

THE SHOE THAT PINCHES
—A Brake Shoe.

TIME FLIES; and so will the fly, shortly.

THE LAND of Nod must be a sort of unreal estate.

THE MAN who deems his house his castle has the moat in his eye.

"THE COURSE of human events," is apt to be "soup."

A WEARISOME CONDITION
—"If."

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—N. Y. Medical Record.

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JUST SO IT ISN'T CONTAGIOUS.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Jane, my daughter, I am
opposed to your marrying that man, on account
of his health. What is wealth to health?

JANE.—But, Papa, it's only paresis.—*The*
Epoch.

ONE ON THE OLD MAN.

"Grandpa," said the little child, as she turned
her innocent young face up to the wrinkled face
of the old man, "I see something on the floor."

"What is it, my dear?" said the aged one,
eagerly.

"A carpet," replied the child.—*Harvard*
Lampoon.

A STRIKING SYNONYM.

"Is your teacher a big man?"
"Strappin'," murmured Johnny, as he unconsciously felt
of the sore spot.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE WRONG ANIMAL.

DOCTOR.—I am thinking of trying an infusion
of goat's blood on you.

PATIENT.—Why, Doctor, it's my lungs that
need strengthening. My digestion is all right.
—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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A FALSE COUNSELLOR.

FAMILY SOLICITOR.—How is it that you have
sunk so much lower than all your companions?

JACK.—I took your advice, sir, and started at
the bottom. I stayed there.—*Kate Field's Wash-*
ington.

"Ah," said Larry O'Shea, as he gazed in the
jeweler's window, "that watch is a pretty good
time-keeper, I take it." And he took it.—*Har-*
vard Lampoon.

DEAF mutes may speak with signs; but they don't go
around shaking hands with barber poles.—*Texas Siftings.*

ZOLA says that his novels have not been well
translated in this country. He should remember
Dr. Johnson's remark about a dog walking on
his hind feet. "Sir," he said, "it is not done
well, of course; but you are surprised that it is
done at all."—*Boston Post.*

NEW REPORTER.—That item about Colonel
Bourbon being murdered, that we printed this
morning, ain't true. He's alive and well.

EDITOR.—And what do you mean coming
here and telling me? The *Howler* has a char-
acter for veracity that must be maintained. Go
right off and kill him.—*Philadelphia Times.*

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It is said that Ibsen's "Ghosts" has not raised the spirits
of London theatre-goers.—*Boston Post.*

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LITERARY.

Her modern tastes are quite her pride —
She told me this in tête-à-tête.
She takes A. Dobson for her guide,
McVickar draws her fashion-plate.

The verses that one Bunner weaves,
Please her as well as Herrick's tone,
And Gibson in his way achieves
What once Sir Joshua did alone.

— *Harvard Lampoon.*

DRINKING hard is one of the things a man has to pay through the nose for.—*St. Joseph News.*

POCKETED THE INSULT.

FIRST WAITER.—Dar's some mighty mean folks in Boston. You noticed dat hatchet-faced man what I've been waitin' on.

SECOND WAITER.—What's de matter wid him?

"He insulted me wid a dime."

"What did yer do?"

"I accepted it wid indignashun."—*Texas Siftings.*

FRECKLES vs. SHEKELS.

Along the shore the city girl
Will soon be making freckles,
And to the hotel her papa
Will ante up the shekels.

—*Cloak Review.*

It is a remarkable fact that the Italians have no organ in New Orleans.—*Boston Post.*

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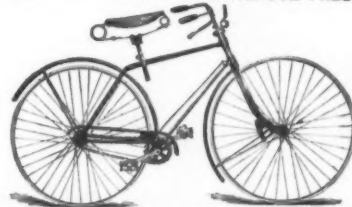
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A SURE SIGN.

WOODEN.—What makes you ring again? Don't you see this card says the Graynecks are out?

BULFINCH.—Yes; that's just the reason I think they're at home.—*Boston Courier.*

HATCHING A PLOT.

CUSTOMER.—Will this ribbon tie nicely into a hangman's knot?

CLERK.—I think so, sir.

CUSTOMER.—Then I'll take it. It's for my wife's dog.—*Cloak Review.*

WHO WOULD N'T.

MISS SMILAX.—Oh, I hate this long cloak; particularly on a windy day. It clings to me so.

BULFINCH.—Pardon me; but, really, what could you expect?—*Boston Courier.*

PREPARATIONS for making exhibits at the Chicago World's Fair will probably commence when the committees close making an exhibition of themselves.—*Texas Siftings.*

SHORT SIXES

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WHEN Winter lingers in the lap of Spring

('T is shocking to narrate),

He's very apt—the horrid thing!

To linger there quite late.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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TRAMP.—Nothing.

"And on Sunday?"

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BULFINCH.—What's the matter, Wooden?
WOODEN.—I've just been to ask old Cashbox for his daughter.

BULFINCH.—Well, how did you come out?

WOODEN.—Through the window.—*Boston Courier.*

HE WAS USED TO A FIRE.

"That blacksmith," said St. Agedore, as he stood watching the artisan at work at his forge, "reminds me of Miss Hardy's father."

"In what way?"

"He makes the sparks fly."—*St. Joseph News.*

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



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It seems to be the burglaries and not the burglars that are committed nowadays.—*Texas Siftings.*

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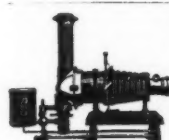
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A STROKE OF MISFORTUNE—The one we have all along been using against Yale.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

LOVE AND SWEETNESS.

"Yes," murmured the maiden, as she affectionately chewed another caramel; "it is sweet, to be so loved."—*Philadelphia Times.*

KNEW BY EXPERIENCE.

MRS. BRIGHT.—My dear, can you tell me what the Knight of the Bath is?

MR. BRIGHT.—Why, Saturday, of course. What a question!—*Harvard Lampoon, Mch., 1891; originally, PUCK, 1877.*

A NECESSARY REQUISITE.

BIGGS.—How did Bagley get on the crew? JIGGS.—Oh, he had a strong pull.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

NOT DISTURBED.

"Store robbed last night."

"You don't say! What was taken?"

"Nearly all. In fact the only thing not disturbed was the watchman."—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE REASON WHY.

"I wonder why a thief is so often termed 'cool?'"

"Because he is so often in the cooler."—*St. Joseph News.*

JAMES OWEN O'CONOR, the tragedian, thus recounts a triumph during a recent tour in Pennsylvania: "The first night, sir, I was hissed—hissed, sir; the second night I was egged, sir—egged; but the third night, sir"—and the tragedian thumped his chest tragically—"the third night, sir, I played behind a net."—*Boston Post.*

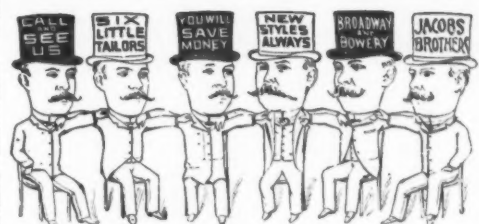
A BOY whose leg was repaired in New York by grafting some skin from a dog, complains now that his shin barks easily.—*Boston Com'l Bulletin.*

AN English publisher announces a new work entitled, "He Always Pleases His Wife." It is fiction.—*Boston Post.*

People who value time always use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to get rid of a cold. Salvation Oil, the great pain-eradicator, cures rheumatism and neuralgia. 25 cents.

SKELTONS being on the free list, every family can now keep one in the house.—*Boston Post.*

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A PRISON WARDEN should not be judged by the company he keeps.—*Boston Courier.*

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PLAYING billiards is not much of celebration of St. Patrick's day, although it is "wearing of the green."—*Boston Com'l Bulletin.*

AN Atchison colored man claims that a white neighbor steals his chickens. Reciprocity does not meet with favor always and everywhere.—*Boston Post.*

PUCK'S OPFER BOOK.

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"I LIKED your sermon so much to-day," said the old lady to the clergyman.

"Indeed?" said he, evidently pleased.

"Yes," she went on; "it reminded me so much of one I read when I was a girl."—*Boston Post.*

If you want to flatter a man, tell him he can't be flattered.—*Philadelphia Times.*

5th CROP. PICKINGS

25 Cts. FROM 30 Cts. per Copy. **PUCK** by Mail.

MAMA.—Well, Willie, did you have a good time at the party?

WILLIE.—Oh, yes; and Mrs. Smith asked all us children to tell our mamas that she ordered the ice cream; but it did n't come.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A RED COPPER—The Indian police.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THIS FUNNY WORLD

AS "PUCK" SEES IT.

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"EVANGELICAL home-made candy," according to an advertisement before us, is the latest device adopted to draw the multitude to a church fair.—*Boston Post.*

IN NORTH CAROLINA. SHE (at the table).—Do you think we can catch that train? HE.—Perhaps—if it has n't gone too far.—*American Grocer.*



I.
It was two most comely and well-born youths, who set out upon their way,
All on an April morning, so dapper and blithe and gay.
They had beautiful bright blue coats, and hats with a rolling brim,
And one was extremely good-looking, and the other was just like him.
And everybody was smiling to see these two go by,
For the sky was as blue as their eyes were, and their eyes were as blue as the sky.
And when folks said: "Where are you going?" they pleasantly smiled and said:
"Why, stupid but excellent people, don't you see we are going ahead?"

II.
But soon a sweet little maiden met the two youths on their way,
And one youth said to the other: "I think, if you please, I'll stay."
And his face as red as her bodice, which was just as red as her cheek,
He sat him down by the maiden, and they talked of Week-After-Next-Week.
And the other youth fell to laughing, and he laughed so loud and so long
That the folks as they saw him laughing inquired: "Is there anything wrong?"
And he said to the other youngster: "You're caught for an April Fool!
But sometime I will come back and see you when the evenings are growing cool."



III.
And so he went jauntily onward, a-leaving his friend behind,
And he thought: "It's uncommonly lucky that mine's a superior mind!"
And so he went jauntily onward, and here and there on his way,
He met with a few pretty maidens who hinted they'd like him to stay.
There was first a Rustic Beauty, with roses entwined in her hair,

And then a Rich Man's Daughter, and, strange to say, she was fair.
And then came a Haughty Countess, and a Buxom Widow or two,
And a Spinster of Ripened Attractions, whose eyes had not ceased to be blue.
But he smiled a superior smile, and he said them most airily Nay,
And jauntily looking ahead, went the second gay man on his way.

IV.
And all of a sudden it happened, the air grew dusky and chill,
And he said: "The road seems to be level, but it feels like walking up-hill."
And all of a sudden he noticed that his beautiful coat of blue
Was growing unpleasantly baggy, and faded and foxy of hue.
And then he heard somebody laughing, and when he demanded: "What's that?"
He found 't was a vulgar stranger, and the stranger said:
"It's your hat."
"But I can't see that it's funny!" he objected in some surprise,
And the stranger laughed most rudely, and answered him:
"Where's your eyes?"

V.
And then he looked up in the twilight —
It was just the end of the day —
And saw by the door of a cottage
The friend he'd left on the way.
And by his side was a maiden,
As pretty as you may see,
And the two were laughing together,
As hard as hard could be.
"Aha!" he said; "my comrade,
I've ended my walk, you see.
And I faith, but this new little maiden
Is exactly the match for me."
"Indeed," said his comrade, smiling,
"and who may you be, I pray,
Whose coat is so worn and faded,
Whose hair is so thin and gray,
To wed my little granddaughter,
Who is not yet out of school?"
Said he: "'T was the school I was seeking.
For I am an April Fool."

